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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

—We beg to acknowledge receipt of a copy of a work entitled Tales about India by S. J. Ballard, published at Mangalore. It is a well printed volume of 153 pp. It is a sketch of Indian History, written in very simple yet animated language, and will be very acceptable to the young. We have much pleasure in recommending this volume. It is to be had at the Basel Mission Book and Tract Depository, in cloth, lettered, at 10 annas.

—We have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a book in Marathi verse, entitled "Parikshan." It is a translation of the story of the Temptation of our Lord as found in Paradise Regained. It is in the *abhung* metre. We do not profess to be a good judge of Marathi poetry. Milton is hardly translateable, so much of the value of his poetry depends upon the pomp and grandeur of his diction. On the whole it seems to us that the author of this version has made a book that will be acceptable to the readers of Marathi poetry. We would not take Milton as an interpretor of the sacred volume, and it might be well to put the Native reader on his guard with respect to the poetical license with which the poet handles the Gospel facts. This little book has been very handsomely printed.

—We have pleasure in calling attention to another Marathi book entitled "Revival Hymns." These hymns are *mostly* in Native measures and will be welcomed by Native Christians in Western India. There are 32 hymns in this collection, and the book is sold for one anna. It has been printed at the "Anglo-Vernacular Press."

—We understand that Miss Tucker, so well-known as A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England), the author of a host of really excellent books, is coming to Western India as a Zenana worker. In all her works she aims at the exhibition of important Christian truth, availing herself of the aid of imagination as regards the form in which it is presented, and there is hardly any writer of the day who have been so generally acceptable to the young while endeavouring always to honour the Gospel.

—We beg to acknowledge receipt of a copy of "An Essay on Mounted Infantry" by Captain Hogg, Bombay Cavalry.

—We have also the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of some copies of "A Short Catechism on Subjects which demand the earnest Consideration of all Members of the Church of England." This little work has been compiled from the works of eminent clergymen of the Church of England. Treating of Apostolic Succession, Dean Alford is quoted to this effect: "It is a fiction of which I find in the New Testament no trace." Similar testimony is adduced regarding a number of other fictions that some believe to be truths. The little book is well fitted to be useful.

—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales arrived in Bombay harbour early on Monday morning, landed in the afternoon and since then has been about as hard worked as Royal Prince ever was. Just to think of having to stand and bow and look pleased to a thousand gentlemen, European and Natives, in immediate succession, not one in fifty of whom he ever expects to see again. But this was only one item. We really think that the Prince should be excused from these monster levees. He has shown himself very gracious and complaisant, and has made we believe a very favourable impression on all.

A friend in America has sent us a copy of a letter received by her more than twenty years ago, on the subject of the life of faith. As it is fitted to be useful to many, we gladly give it a place in our columns:

Westfield, Mass., June 3, 1855.

My dear Sister in our Lord Jesus,—Grace be with you and peace from Him who is the very God of peace, and who can *by all means* give us *His* peace. You do not yet enjoy, you say, the fullness of that rest in Him which is the privilege of his children? Why do you not? Is there unwillingness with Him? Is He slack in giving who has said that He is *more* ready to give than we are to ask? No, God forbid! Let God be true but every man a liar. He is not slack concerning His promises as some men count slackness, but is waiting to give us more abundantly than we are able to ask or even to think. Why, then, do you not receive? Either because we do not ask or because we ask amiss. We do not ask when the heart does not truly desire the things which the intellect sees to be desirable, and when it is not ready to give up every thing which stands in the way of receiving the blessing. We must count the cost of receiving, and then, in the face of it, ask with the heart to receive it.—We ask amiss when we ask for grace in order that we may consume it upon our lusts, when we desire to be like Him in order to gratify our spiritual pride in being perfect and complete. All things must be asked for Christ's sake, not for our own; that He may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and not that we may be happy, or great, or obedient, or perfect.

These is still, my dear Sister, one great obstacle in your way; you are still *striving to do something*. You may talk about doing it in the strength of the Lord but your failure in the end, shows that it was not His strength but yours. All your doing is evil; you must cease to do evil and in order to that, must cease from doing at all; that the Lord Jesus may be free to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. You have no power of yours to do any good thing. Even the Lord Jesus said, 'Of mine own self I can do nothing.' There is but One that is good, that is God and yet though you have no power, God commands you to be perfect as He is perfect, and holy as He is holy. He knows that is impossible for you to obey; how then is He just when He bids us accomplish impossible things? With man it is impossible but with God all things are possible.

Think of the man with the withered arm; he had not used it for years; he had no power at all to stretch it out; yet when the commandment came, he simply said "I will do it," and the *power of God entered* into it, and it was stretched out. Think of the man grievously afflicted with the palsy, without power to stir hand, or foot. How absurd the command to him, arise! take up thy bed and walk!" Suppose he had said, "Lord I have no power over my limbs, I have not walked for years. I have often tried to will motion into my members, but I am powerless to do it; how then sayest thou, 'Arise and walk'! "All this would have conveyed no information to the Lord Jesus and would only have developed his unbelief. Christ knew perfectly well that he could not walk. But the moment he said, I will do it *because* the *Lord commands me*," the Lord's strength entered into him, and he arose and walked. Just so it is with us, my dear Sister in Him. We have tried to will power into our palsied limbs, that we might walk like the Lord Jesus but in vain. Time after time, we have resolved and re-resolved and failed again. He now calls upon us to stop trying. He says to you, 'Be holy as your Father in heaven is Holy!' Do you believe his word? Say then with undoubting confidence, 'I will from this time forth and for ever more!' and His strength shall enter into you and accomplish the work. This is the faith of God, which delivers as long as it abides in us; this is the indwelling of Father, Son and Holy Ghost *by faith* which enables us to do all things; yea, greater works than His shall we do, if we permit Him to abide in us, for *all power* is given to Him in Heaven and in Earth. *All* power is His; there is no one else that has any or can have any. You are in my prayers from day to day as the Lord wills. He is labouring to perfect His wish in you. Believe and make no resistance. The Lord is bringing many souls here in Westfield into the *perfect liberty* of the children of God; and the world too is giving up the impenitent. My own heart is fixed; fixed upon my God and my Lord, fixed, not by myself, but by His love, even the very nails of His cross. He is chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely and I know that He can do all things, and that He does them well. The Lord heal us all of our infirmities, that His name may have all the Glory! Amen!

P. W. Metcalf.

The following Evangelistic Notes are from *Word and Work*, *The Christian* and other home papers:

It has been arranged by the parent association of the Y. M. C. A. to hold a week of special prayer for young men, from November 14th to 21st, terminating with general evangelistic services on the last of those days.

John H. Owen, evangelist, Macclesfield, Cheshire, and Wm. Bradlaugh, brother of the infidel lecturer, have been delivering Gospel Addresses in Cow Cross Mission Hall, Smithfield, on Sunday evenings during September. The conversion of the latter has created no small stir amongst the infidels in the neighbourhood.

After the Universal Exposition at Paris, in 1867, the committee of the Bible Stand, encouraged by the success of their distribution of the scriptures, had a Bible-carriage built, in which their agents should travel over France, visiting the fairs, the villages, and the peasantry. They have thus caused a wide circulation of the Word of Life, 560,000 gospels and epistles having been gratuitously distributed in nearly two-thirds of the forty-eight departments of France, besides large numbers of Bibles and Testaments that have been sold.

Cheyne Brady, writing from Lausanne, Switzerland, says "The impulse given to religious life through the visit, last spring, of Mr. Pearsall Smith, is extending in every direction. Very blessed meetings have been held this week at Neuchatel and Lausanne, presided over by Mr. Theodore Monod. The pasteurs have been much revived, and Christians stirred up. Not a few unconverted have been led to the Saviour. The various churches are crowded to the doors."

York.—Mr. Henry Varley has been conducting a series of services in this city during the past week, which are being continued by Mr. C. Russel Hurditch. The afternoon Bible readings have been much enjoyed, about 600 being present. In the evenings the gospel meetings have been attended by from 1,000 to 1,200, and much fruit has been reaped for the Master.

The only son of Mr. William Graham, ex-Member for Glasgow, has died very suddenly at the Perthshire home of his father. Deceased was the young Etonian who took an active part in the invitation given by some of the boys to Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Both in Glasgow and Manchester, as well as in the metropolis, much sympathy will be felt for the bereaved father, whom many of our readers will remember as having frequently read the requests for prayer at the Noon Meetings at the Haymarket Opera-house.

Since the compulsory bonfire of Bibles and religious books at Osiout, Upper Egypt, in 1867, 16,731 Bibles and religious and educational works have been sold in that territory.

Rev. Geo. Cairns, of Madagascar mission, says that its wonderful success is owing to the aggressive, pioneer work of the native Christians themselves. Christian soldiers or slaves sent into the country where no missionary has been, observe their Christian duties, their example is observed and followed by the heathen, and before long a congregation is formed, wanting Bibles, hymn and spelling books, and finally a teacher and minister for the church that is sure to be formed.

Philadelphia.—On the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the new building (Y. M. C. A.), on July 15, Mr. George H. Stuart, the President, received congratulatory telegrams from Mr. Moody, from Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. John Wanamaker. The building, including the site, will cost about 420,000 dollars.

A note from Rangoon says, "There has been of late an ingathering of Burmans in the valley of the Irrawaddy, and fifty-one have been baptized. Some of them have been converted through the reading of tracts, and had never had the teachings of a missionary."

Fulton-street Prayer Meeting.—The 18th anniversary was held on the 23rd ultimo, in the Middle Dutch Church. The spacious house was filled to overflowing. Every available seat was occupied. Ministers of every denomination, business men and Christian women thronged the house; and a number of addresses were given. A noon prayer meeting will be commenced at the Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, between 41st and 42nd streets, and will continue daily, from 12 to 1 o'clock.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—On Sunday evening week

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon had an addition of fifty members to his church.

The Turkish Government has recently appointed a member of the Protestant community on the Board of Public Instruction, and in other ways is showing increased favour to the Protestants.

Boston, U. S.—A meeting was held recently in the library-room of the Boston and Albany Railroad, to organize a railroad praying-band of railroad men for work among their fellows. The meeting was an enthusiastic one.

The South-Western Steamboat Company, who have a fleet of some thirteen or fourteen steamers, have recently cut off the grog rations, and given captains 6s. per week cash instead, and chief officers and others 4s. per week extra.

Dr. Talmage says in his *Christian at Work*:—"The great religious interest which has been witnessed in the Brooklyn Tabernacle for the last two years still continues, a hundred persons last Sabbath-night after sermon arising for prayers."

The Bombay Guardian.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

SATAN TRANSFORMED.

A lady residing at an up-country station was desirous that a Roman Catholic acquaintance of hers should read Mr. R. P. Smith's book "Walking in the Light," but as it was necessary to obtain first the consent of the priest, she sent the book to the latter for his perusal. In reply she received the following letter from the R. C. Priest:

Dear Madame.—I read "Walk in Light" but in part only; for I soon found out that its light is very dim.

Yet I admit that in it there is a great deal of good materials. The intention of the writer seems good also; but as every one who follows the principle "the Bible and nothing but the Bible," he is a blind leading the blind.

I paid particular attention to the pages 62, 63 which you have marked out for me. Were I to allow you to give the book to a Catholic Lady, she no doubt, would be deeply offended at me, when her eyes would meet these words: "the Romish superstition," "like many of their other fictions," and such other amenities which I must admit, do not abound in this book as they usually do in other non-Catholic writings.

As you point out in page 63 it is very true that "Satan has the power of transforming himself into an angel of light:" it is equally true that this angel of light is "the Bible and nothing but the Bible." 1st, because it is Anti-Biblical: 2nd, Anti-Christian... it leads straight to infidelity, immorality, latitudinarianism, free-thinking: to Cæsarism, nationalism and every conceivable error as we see in the history of the so called reformation, from Luther down to the Ritualists. It destroys the spirit of obedience and fosters revolt whereby all liberty is done away with, for liberty implies authority.

It is Satan transformed into an angel of light, because it lets loose error and persecutes truth even unto death; for Catholics live all over the world not "in sight of Calvary," as says your author page 63, but *on the* Calvary and most of them *on the very Cross* where they die with their Master at the hands of modern Jews of Germany, Switzerland, Italy and of the United Kingdoms: for the period of 300 years all that bloodshed and these persecutions are the out comings of "Bible and nothing but the Bible."

With that principle it is impossible to have Faith and without Faith it is impossible to please God, and he who pleases not God shall not be saved. Those who believe, they believe themselves; but Christ says, "if he will not hear the church let him be as a heathen." Hoping that you will reconsider the grounds of your Faith and praying that our sweet Saviour may grant to you to see the true and divine light as does Mrs. J.

I remain,
Dear Madame,
Your most obedient servant,

Catholic Priest.

It was Paul that first used the words, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." What would he have thought of a professedly Christian teacher, who should say that the angel of light into which Satan transforms himself is "the Bible and nothing but the Bible." What an extraordinary representation to give of God's holy word, given to be a lamp unto our feet, a light unto our path. We know very well that Satan can quote Scripture and often uses it to accomplish his own purposes; but how? by detaching a passage from its connexion, giving another meaning to it, and using it for an end never designed by God. But to say that "the Bible, the whole Bible, nothing but the Bible" as a basis of faith, is Satan transformed into an angel of light, is to say something that looks as much like blasphemy as anything we ever saw. It is saddening in the extreme that men who have at heart, it may be, a desire to do God service, should allow their minds to be prepossessed by an awful mistrust of God's word as something Satanic, and treat it as a bane requiring the antidote of the church's teaching to make it safe.

The same apostle who tells about the transformation of Satan, tells us also that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly instructed unto every good work." "The word of God is able to make us wise unto salvation." "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Peter tells us we are born again of the incorruptible word, and our Lord himself offered the prayer, "sanctify them through the truth, thy word is truth." The Psalmist says, the word of God is perfect, converting the soul. Jesus said, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and keepeth them is like a wise man who built his house upon a rock." And the Bible closes with an awful woe against any one who either takes away from or adds to the word of God.

Well here is a man who has been taught from childhood to view with mistrust the word of God, as Satan in disguise, and to yield the loyalty which is due to the word of God, to the Roman Catholic church. The grand question with him is, what says the Church, not, what says the Lord. Well, this man is to determine what books men and women shall read. What sort of a church is this where men and women can only read what the priest permits them, and are precluded from obeying the divine command, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is true?" The book which the writer of the above letter thinks so dangerous, is one that is designed to show that all things pertain to life and godliness are given us in Christ, and to show how the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ gives us victory over sin. If it had been a novel, a play-book, any thing of a frivolous nature, these would have been no sentence of expurgation. But a book that teaches the believer that in Christ he has grace to enable him to bring forth the fruit of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, this is, like the Bible, a bad book, a dangerous book, to be turned from as one would turn from Satan transformed!

We confess that it is not easy for us to believe that there is any thing under the whole heaven, more odious in the sight of God than this conspiracy of the Roman Catholic priesthood to deprive men of the liberty of being taught of God.

UNBELIEF ITS OWN CURSE.

We are often told that men are not responsible for unbelief. Faith, it is said, is not a matter that depends on volition. We believe or disbelieve, necessarily, according to our perceptions of the trustworthiness of the matter presented to us. To pronounce condemnation on a man because of his want of faith, is to betray, we are told, great ignorance of the laws of mind. The mind may judge erroneously; it may withhold faith from that which is really worthy of it; but a man is not to be condemned for this; it is a mistake not a crime.

The very persons that reason in this way, deeply resent any want of confidence that may be shown in them. If any statement of theirs is met with an expression of unbelief, instead of treating it as a simple mistake for which no blame can be attached to the offending party, they take the greatest possible umbrage at it. There is nothing that men value more than confidence; and when it is withheld from one who is conscious of his title to it, this is felt to be a grievous injustice.

There is nothing in fact that more clearly reveals character, than the bestowal of confidence. Here is a young man fresh from the country, a stranger in the metropolis, with a little money in his pocket. He falls in with a person who tells him of many places of public amusement, and offers to be his guide. This person's conversation is interlarded with oaths and indelicate allusions. His breath smells of brandy. A gandy watch-chain is dangling on his breast. While the young man is hesitating whether to go with him or not, another person enters into conversation with him, and finding that he is a stranger in town, invites him to accompany him to the Young Men's Christian Association, giving him at the same time some account of the objects of the institution. He relates a little chapter from his own experience; how he had begun to run a course of self-indulgence and sinful frivolity, but had been persuaded to attend one of the meetings of this Institution and had there come to see that life was too valuable to be wasted in low amusements and sinful associations. There is a great contrast between the appearance, manner and conversation of the two persons. If the young man decides to turn away from the last and go with the former, will there not be in this a manifestation of character? It will be sadly to his discredit that he should be attracted by low haunts of vice more powerfully than by an association designed to help young men to resist temptation and follow that which is good.

Every man stamps his own impress on the work of his hands; and God has stamped his impress on the works that he has made. He has not left himself without a witness. If we receive the witness of man, the witness of God is greater, that is, it has more claim upon our confidence. It tells us of One who is infinitely wise and good and true and mighty. "All thy works praise thee." Men are condemned by their failure to receive the testimony of God *in His works, and still more in His* word.

The Lord Jesus came seeking faith. In him was all the fulness of the Godhead. He was God manifest in human nature. The perfections of God shone forth in all his acts and all his words. Not to have faith in him, is to show that our minds are without affinity for the character of God. Could there be a stronger condemnation of ourselves? What think ye of Christ? is indeed a test question.

Unbelief is its own punishment. When men refuse to receive the testimony of the Gospel to the infinite grace and love and condescension of God, and prefer to think of him as an austere, stern, unsympathizing Being, they are just forging the fetters of their own everlasting captivity. Perfect love casteth out fear. The love of God realized in its fulness by the believer, guarantees him against all evil and therefore against all fear. The love of God constrains him now and will ever continue to do so. But he who has refused to give his confidence to the Gospel revelation of God, and chooses to ascribe severity, harshness, unfeelingness, wrath to God, will be for ever cursed by just that conception of God. To conceive of wrath upon the throne of the universe, having all things subject to it, and to meet every where, always, in all things, the evidences of such a Deity present with the unwilling soul, is to make for oneself one's own hell. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. The devils believe and tremble; but their faith is very different from Gospel faith. They believe in the power and knowledge of God, but have perverted conceptions of his moral attributes. They view his character through the falsifying medium of their own. Their unbelief is a part of their being, and thus it is that they carry within themselves a hell. The simple fact that One whom they dislike, distrust and dread, is on the throne, ruling all things, determines their everlasting misery, even without the putting forth of the power of God to torment them. They

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have banished themselves with everlasting destruction from the glory of his presence, by the rejection of the truth as it is in Jesus, by refusing the Gospel account of God, by allowing unbelief to get possession of their natures. Fear hath torment. Perpetual fear is perpetual torment. The Gospel shows how marvellously far God has gone in the attempt to commend his own character to sinners, putting away on Calvary the great barrier of their sin. They who still persevere in their distrust, preferring some figment of their own minds as a better representation of Deity, will find that their unbelief is their most terrible doom. As it is the character of God that constitutes the happiness of the blest, so it is the character of God received through mistrust and fear that will make the misery of the doomed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

DEAR SIR,—At a Bible Reading here a Christian Brother said he believed that the state of Christians between the time of death and the Lord's coming was one of sleep.

In proof of his opinion he quoted Col. iii, 3, 4; 1 Thess. iv. 14 and 1 Jno. iii. 2.

He said that in the new Testament writings two events, death and the coming of Jesus, were constantly talked of, whereas no mention was made of the intermediate state; that death was called sleep, and that we would be roused out of sleep when Christ came, the period between these two events having been passed in unconsciousness.

Just as when a man sleeps soundly, the period of conscious existence ends when he sleeps and begins again when he awakes, the interim being a blank, a state of unconscious existence.

I do not agree with this view, as it seems not to harmonize with the teachings of Scripture, but I lack scriptural proof and would feel much obliged if you could help me to get a clear idea on the subject based on scripture.

One Sister answered appropriately that 'God was not a God of the dead but of the living.'

Death, since Jesus died for us, is called *sleep* repeatedly, and a sweet word it is, for to the Christian it is the beginning of life and not the end of life, but surely it is a misapplication of the word to apply it to the soul. It refers to the body only which sleeps in the grave till Jesus comes to awake it.

To the dying thief Jesus promised that he should 'be with him that day in Paradise,' and doubtless when the fetters of his ransomed soul were knocked off he hurried up in the golden chariot to the bosom of Jesus to experience there what it means to be with Jesus in Paradise. Paul desires to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'

Stephen saw Jesus standing in the position of power and glory doubtless to receive him with open arms as soon as his enemies had done the bloody work. It would be so wholly incongruous to suppose that 'he fell asleep' means he passed into a state of torpor and that Jesus stood there merely to encourage him and then sat down without receiving him.

It seems to me a wretched prospect to have to sleep, perhaps for years instead of enjoying 'the King in his beauty' and seeing him face to face; better prolong life to its utmost and enjoy the communion of earth with all its drawbacks.

I for one look forward to an instantaneous departing and being in the presence of Jesus when death summons me hence, and I am certain most of your readers entertain a similar blessed hope.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
G.

Moulmein, 8th october 1875.

MY DAER SIR,—In the *Guardian* of the 6th instant, you said you heard that 44 persons had been received this year to our Ahmednuggur church: your informant made a slight mistake.

If for the words "this year" you substitute "the last thirteen months" the statement will be correct.

This is the largest number received in any 13 months before to this church. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the special efforts that were made this year. After the first week of prayer in January we observed another week of daily meetings in which I delivered revival sermons and then continued to give every Friday a sermon on revival. These I studied in the late *Finney's revival lecture book*, and adressed them to my congregation. This course was continued for nearly 10 months, and I don't know why the large gain in numbers this year may not be attributed under Divine blessing, to these special efforts.

Yours in the Lord,
R. V. MODUK.

Ahmednuggur, 9th November 1875.

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

—H. E. the Viceroy yesterday visited the European General Hospital, the Morarjee Gokuldas Spinning and Weaving Mills at Parell, and other institutions.

—*Times of India*; London: "A notable personage has just passed away from us in Isaac Singer, reported inventor of the "Singer Sewing Machine," and known in the south of England as "The King of Torquay." Perhaps some details of his life will interest your readers. Isaac Singer commenced life as a "loblolly boy" on board a barge in James River, United States. From that position he rose to cook, and passed through the various stages of match-vendor, wild beast keeper, strolling actor, and professional mendicant. He was on one occasion what is vulgarly called "down in his luck" when he fell in with a brother Bohemian as poor as himself. They shared the same garret together and became fast "chums." Singer's chum was a poor, dreamy, shiftless creature, but a genius. His name was Elias Howe. It was out of his brain that the idea of the sewing machine was evolved. It was into the pockets of Isaac Singer that the profits from the patent rolled, for the dreamy genius was no match for the smart adventurer. It is true that Singer contemptuously offered Howe a share of the profits, but Howe stood out for the whole credit of the invention and was worsted. Elias Howe died some years ago, poor, miserable, obscure; Isaac Singer died a week or two ago worth £80,000 a year. He had just completed a magnificent palace at Panigton and lived something after the style of William Beckford. There are the most extraordinary stories afloat as to his eccentricities. One remarkable and striking object in the immense entrance hall of the palace was a colossal nude statue of himself in Carrara marble which rather confused modest visitors of the gentler sex. On more than one occasion he had to be remonstrated with by the police both in England and on the Continent for attiring his postilions in kilts, a costume which on horseback is neither picturesque nor decent. His great wealth made him somewhat autocratic. He fancied that he could force an entrance into society by a *coup de main*, and consequently invited all the aristocracy of one of the most aristocratic counties in England to an immense ball. But he received nothing but curt refusals to his invitation. However, in revenge he asked all the tradesmen of the place, and gave them an entertainment which few princes have ever had the opportunity of enjoying. You may form some idea of his wealth from the fact that when his daughter was married last summer, her marriage portion was a million dollars, exclusive of half a million dollars' worth of jewellery and a *trousseau* which it is said cost £10,000. Of his eccentricity you may judge by the directions he left for his funeral. The coffin was to be borne on an open car—something like the Duke of Wellington's—and this was to be drawn by twelve of his own magnificent horses, three abreast. He has left nineteen children, among whom his enormous fortune is equally divided. And so ends this romance of the sewing machine. Another proof of how seldom fame and fortune come in this world to the men who honestly deserve them."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

—Telegram, Penary, 6th: The Governor has gone to Perak on business connected with the recent murder of the British Resident.

—On Monday afternoon Armourer Sergeant Cartridge, who only arrived at Jumalpur from Ferozepur a few days since, the *Pioneer* says, was found dead in his workshop, shot through the head with his own revolver and by his own hand. The poor fellow had been much depressed before leaving Ferozepur.

—Lord Northbrook paid a private visit to the Rev. Dr. John Wilson at his bungalow, Malabar Hill, on Friday evening last.

—*Times of India*: "" This morning we issue to our subscribers as a supplement, a double portrait of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The engraving will, we trust, form a memento of an important event—the landing this day of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the shores of India."

The portraits are very good and we, in common with many others, no doubt, are thankful for the gift.

—H. E. the Viceroy visited Elephanta yesterday. On Saturday, he received a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce, pleading for the line of railway from Ahmedabad to Ajmere.

—*Times of India*; Bangalore, 7th: "Lieutenant Spottiswoode, 43rd Light Infantry, was found dead in the jungles near Metappolium (Neilgherries) two days ago. He is supposed to have committed suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity, caused by an abscess on the brain."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

—*Times of India*; arrival of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales: "At four o'clock the Prince landed at the Dockyard. One of the largest slips—that on which the *Meanee* and the *Punjaub* were built a quarter of a century ago—was arranged and decorated for the ceremonial which marked the event. In front, facing the harbour, a large arch covered with palm leaves and flowers was erected. At the other end a very good representation of a Hindu archway, copied or adapted, we believe, from an old temple, made an imposing exit. On the inside the word 'Welcome' was given in Guzerathi and Marathi, and on the outside the same word was given in three languages, Persian, Hindustani and English. From the roof numerous flags depended, and the sun was kept out on the side towards the south-west by a canvas wall. The three other sides were left open to the breeze. A wide passage marked off with red cords and carpetted with red cloth led down the centre from the landing stage. On either side of this passage were sofas on which sat the native to in the order of their rank, Sir Salar Jung and the other representatives of His Highness the Nizam occupying the front sofa on the right nearest the harbour, and the little Gaekwar and one opposite. Behind the sofas were three rows of seats covered with red cloth, and set apart for members of the Civil, Military and Naval services, and others. Unfortunately, the ample space was not more than half occupied, and the number of ladies present was small. Many of those who had been favoured with tickets preferred seats in the balconies along the route to Parell to witness the procession. On the right hand and nearer to the water side than the place allotted to the Hyderabad Contingent, was the large space allotted to the members of the Corporation, who were present armed with an address. Then came a guard of honour of the 7th Fusiliers under the command of Captain Daly. Directly opposite was placed the band of the Fusiliers, which played at intervals.

The native princes and chiefs present, besides those who took part in the Royal Procession were the Rajah of Baria, the Rajah of Lunawara, the Nawab of Balasinor, the Rajah of Chota Udepur, the Rajah of Sunth, the Sir-Desai of Sawant Wari, the Rajah of Dharampur, Kazee Rao Holkar, and Ram Rao Palsikar, the Thakor Saheb of Morvi, the Raj Saheb of Wankaneer, the Thakor Saheb of Palitana, the Thakor Saheb of Dhrol, the Thakor Saheb of Limri, the Thakor Saheb of Rajkot, the Thakor Saheb of Wadwan, the Nawab of Janjira, the Swamee of Chaphal, Sattara, the Pant Prithindi of Aundh, the Pant Sucheo of Bhor, the Chief of Phaltan, the Chief of Vinchur, C.S.I., the Raja of Mudhol, the Chief of Sangli, the Chief of Miraj, the Chief of the Junior Branch of Miraj, the Chief of Jamkhandi, the Elder Chief of Kurandwad, the younger Chief of Kuranwad, the younger Chief of Kurandwad, the Chief of Ramdurg, and the Chief of Jawhar. First Class Sirdars—Madhavrao Ballal, alias Rao Saheb Phadnas, Madhavrao Manohar Potnis, Rajaram Bhosle (adopted son of late Rance of Sattara), Venayekrao Ganesh, alias Bhow Saheb Sanglikar, Trimbakrao Ram Purandhare, Tulaji Raje Bhonsle of Akalkot, the Hon'ble Khan Bahadur Padamji Pestonji, Madhavra Nilkant alias Tatia Saheb Purandhare, Khan Bahadur Nasarvanji Jamasji. Second Class Sirdars—Anandrao Madhavrao, Anandrao Rughunath Mantri of Islampur, Sattara, Rao Bahadur Bholanath Sarabhai, Gunputrao Damodhur Panshi, Khanderao Wishwanath Raste, Malharao Bulwantrao alias Baba Saheb Pavar, Mir Sayad Alamkhan of Belhi, Malharao Ramchundra alias Baba Saheb Pavar, Narayenrao Kondiramsing, Narayen Anant Metalik, Narayen Sakharam Padnis, Amatya of Sattara, Pratap Rao Saheb Goozar (grandson of the ex-Rajah of Sattara), Ramchunder Rao Gopal alias Bhau Saheb Sumant of Sattara, Ramchunderrao Ragunath alias Baba Saheb Panditrao of Sattara, Ramrao Laxamon Hingne, Ramchunder Narayen Ajat Sirdeshmookh Bagnikar, and Gopalrao Shivdeo Raje Bahadur.

At four o'clock precisely a Royal salute from the fleet and the battery announced that His Royal Highness had left the *Serapis*, and immediately afterwards a launch vigorously rowed by British tars

swept into view. The Royal Standard displayed over the stern told who was on board. The after-part of the boat was converted into a little cabin for the occasion with a white awning and blue curtains. The men-of-war boats saluted with their oars as it passed. For a few minutes the launch was lost to view, having made a little detour towards the north. Then it came somewhat unexpectedly up to the landing stage, where His Excellency the Governor and suite, the Judges of the High Court and divers functionaries stood to receive the Prince, the band struck up God Save the Queen, the guard presented arms, and amid the thunder of cannon the Prince of Wales touched the shore of India. The Prince was dressed in his Field Marshal's uniform, and his breast was covered with orders. He wore the rib-band of the Garter. His Royal Highness appeared to be in good health. As he walked up the stage towards the spot where the members of the Corporation stood, he touched his helmet in acknowledgment of the salutations of those assembled. When the place assigned to the Corporation was reached, His Royal Highness stopped, and his suite formed a semi-circle behind him, while the members of the Corporation came forward. The Viceroy stood close to the Prince. Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee, Chairman of the Corporation, then read in a very distinct voice an address which would have been perfect if it had not been so long. Indeed, it was a well written essay rather than an address.

The Prince, in reply to the address, said: "In your various and industrious population I gladly recognise the traces of a rule which gives shelter to all who obey the laws, which recognises no invidious distinctions of race, which affords to all perfect liberty in matters of religious opinion and belief, and freedom in the permit of trade and of all lawful callings. I note with satisfaction the assurance I derive from your address that under British rule men of varied creeds and nations live in harmony among themselves and develope to the utmost those energies which they inherit from widely separate families of mankind, whilst all join in loyal attachment to the British Crown and take their share, as in my native country, in the management of their own local affairs."

—*Lucknow Witness*: "The *Friend of India* continues to present us weekly with several pages of correspondence and editorials with reference to the Future Punishment question. The Editor is evidently determined, now that he has begun, to make an end once for all of the commonly received doctrine. This he has a right to attempt, doubtless, but we must once more protest against the manner in which it is done. It seems to us that a subject so solemn, and about which there is so much honest difference of opinion among the best men, should be discussed with temperateness and much caution. It is no place for fierce dogmatism and intolerant statements. They ill become that calm search for truth which is always the habit of a cultured mind. And God has wisely left the future life shrouded in so much of mystery that our language might well be guarded and our passions stilled when we speak of it. Yet the Editor of the *Friend* does not hesitate to write, "If Christianity really teaches what the Church teaches on this subject, we say advisedly and with at least some sense of the responsibility of such a statement, that it is not from God." "The man is an atrocious criminal, who begets a child, if he really believes this doctrine to be true." "Nothing but the most persistent and systematic torturing of the Bible statements concerning the destruction and death of the wicked, gives this doctrine any foothold at all therein." And again he calls the usual interpretation of these passages an "impious perversion of Scripture," characterized by "downright wickedness." Such language is utterly unjustifiable, no matter on which side of a debate it is used. To charge an opponent with "wickedness" and "impiety," in other words to impugn his motives and assail his character simply because of a difference of opinion on an obscure subject, is surely not honorable controversy. It is commonly and justly considered to indicate weakness in the cause itself and lack of legitimate arguments with which to uphold it. It certainly has that appearance in this case."

The Friend of India should go a little further and say that every man who believes in the everlasting punishment of the finally impenitent, is bound not only to abstain from procreation, but to kill all the infants he possibly can, or be regarded as an atrocious criminal.

—Same: "The illuminations last night in honour of the Prince of Wales must be pronounced a magnificent success. The streets began to fill at five o'clock, and soon became thronged and almost impassable. While it was still day, troops of men armed with long rods to which matches were affixed, proceeded at a swinging trot to the different localities, the lighting of which on a grand scale had been undertaken by the Municipality, and the illuminations began before the sun went down. The Town Hall quickly became a wall of light, and the splendid sweep of the Elphinstone Circle was shown by lines of lamps marking out all the architectural details of the buildings. The garden railings were utilised to support "moons"—ground glass globes lighted with gas. At the entrance next Church Gate Street, a welcome to the Prince formed an arch of gas light, which with the device at the sides, burnt brightly and well. This was an almost solitary instance, however, in which gas held its own against its formidable rival, the oil lamp. The grand effects of the night were achieved by the oil butties.

"By far the finest spectacle presented to the Prince and the public last night was that of the fairy-like illuminations of the Public Works Offices and the Post Office in Lower Church Gate Street. The Gothic lines of those twin buildings, their arcades and windows, pillars and varying roof lines, their turrets and pinnacles were all shown in a tracery of light, now white, now green, or red or blue, and the ensemble surprised anything that was to be seen in London on Thanks-giving Day and equalled in all but extent the grandest effects produced in Paris on a 15th of August in the days of the Empire. When seen from the fine triumphal arch erected at the Church Gate Railway Station, the buildings were like Aladdin's Palace, which was created in jewels from the flame of a lamp. The *coup d'œil* looking towards the Town Hall was wonderfully pretty, the Flora Fountain with its circles of light forming part of the vista."

—Wilhelm Muller, aged 19, just arrived from Germany, committed suicide by arsenic.

Wednesday, November 10.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was occupied during nearly the whole of yesterday in receiving visits from the various Native Indian Princes and Chiefs who have come to Bombay to do honour to the occasion of His Royal Highness's arrival. The ceremonies commenced at 10 A. M., and were not concluded till late in the afternoon. The Superior Princes, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharaja of Mysore, and the Raja of Kholapore, were received separately, as was also the Deputation from the Nizam; and the Minor Chiefs were received together in a kind of small durbar. His Royal Highness twice shook hands with the Chiefs, and addressed a few words of welcome and farewell to each,—the work of translation being performed by Major Henderson. After the retirement of the Prince, and while waiting for their carriages, the Chiefs were spoken to by Sir Bartle Frere, and were introduced to His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, who, throughout the ceremonies, sat or stood at the Prince's left hand."

—Mr. Stanley, correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, sends long letters from the Victoria Nyanza. The following extract will give a speccimen: "The third day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley, and destroy what had been left on the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a slight resistance, they entered, loading themselves there with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation. Just before daybreak on the fourth day we quitted our camp and continued our journey north-west, with provisions sufficient to last six days, leaving the people of Ituru to ponder on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greedy treachery, and wanton murderous attack on peaceful strangers.

"We are still a formidable force, strong in numbers, guns, and property, though, for an Expedition destined to explore so many thousand miles of new countries, we had suffered severely. I had started from the coast with over 300 men, but when I reviewed the Expedition at Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, which we reached three days after departing from the scene of our conflict, I found I had but 194 men left. In less than three months I had already lost by dysentery, famine, heart-disease, desertion, and war, over 120 men natives of Africa, and one European."

The Natives do'nt understand what he is there for, and neither do we.

—*Times of India*; Punderpoor, 9th: "An Exhibition of arts, manufactures, and natural products opened here to-day, to commemorate the day of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's arrival in Bombay. All parts of India were represented."

Thursday, November 11.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The English papers have chronicled how the Princess of Wales accompanied her husband to France; but with all their vigilance they did not hear about a certain small box being placed on board the *Serapis*. Well, there was such a box; and all that Sir Bartle Frere, in whose charge it was placed, knew about it was that he was to take particular care of it, and not to let the Prince know anything of its existence. When the *Serapis* arrived the box was sent to Parell; and on the next morning, the Prince's birth-day and his first morning on Indian soil, his eyes rested upon a large portrait, beautifully adorned with Indian flowers. The portrait was that of the Princess. It had been secretly placed in the Prince's bed room in order to surprise him, and it is unnecessary to say that this was the contents of the mysterious box which had been so jealously watched by Sir Bartle Frere, and about which Miss Frere was the only possessor of the secret."

"The *Philomel* has received orders from the Admiralty to start at once for Penang, in consequence of the critical state of affairs there since the murder of Mr. Birch, the British Resident at Perak. She leaves this morning at about 10 A.M.

"Sir Charles Wheatstone, one of the inventors and foremost of the improvers of the electric telegraph, died in Paris on Wednesday (October 20.) He was seventy-three years of age, having been born at Gloucester in 1802. It was in 1837 that Sir Charles and Mr. Cooke took out their joint patent for the adaptation of electricity to a method of practical telegraphy. Sir Charles was knighted in 1868."

—H. E, the Viceroy left Bombay yesterday.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Yesterday afternoon, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales held a Levée at the Secretariat. Upwards of a thousand gentlemen were invited to be present, and during the whole afternoon carriages were employed in setting down their occupants at the door, His Royal Highness stood on a raised dais, with H. E. the Governor of Bombay (Sir Philip Wodehouse), on his right, and the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, and other gentlemen of his suite on his left, and with the military and naval Commanders-in-Chief, the members of Council, and other personages high in office standing behind. The gentlemen to be presented advanced in single file as each name was audibly pronounced by the Aide-de-Camp in waiting. His Royal Highness bowed courteously to every one, and shook hands with some of those with whom he had previously become acquainted."

—H. R. H. the Prince after visited the children's fête on the Esplanade. There were about 12,000 children of different nationalities present H. R. Highness appeared to be greatly pleased with the enthusiasm of the motley crowd of children, and saluted them repeatedly. At one point of the road, a brass band attempted to strike up the National Anthem, but the small trumpeters and drummers were plainly too agitated to perform their work satisfactorily. At another a number of European children, led by an erratic bugler, tried to sing "God bless the Prince of Wales," but the attempt said much more for their emotions than anything else. Turning into the reserved space, H. R. H. mounted a small platform, whence he could survey the interesting scene.

When H. R. Highness had gazed at the wondrous scene for a short time, a beautiful Parsee girl, dressed in pink satin, Miss Dhunbaee Ardaseer Wadia, appeared in front of the Prince laden with wreaths of jasmine. She offered a wreath to H. R. Highness, who grasped at it, thinking it was something to hold; she offered another to Sir Philip Wodehouse, who, more expert in Eastern customs, bowed low, and it was dexterously slipped over his head, whereupon the Prince smiled and hung his garland round his neck also. Miss Dhunbaee then gave the Prince a bouquet of roses, jasmin, and yellow Christmas flowers, which he very graciously accepted. A band of Mahratta girls then sung an anthem in praise of the Prince in Mahratta; a band of Parsee girls followed with the same anthem in Guzerattee;

—*Times of India*: "The young Maharajah of Kolapore proposes to build a hospital at a cost of between two and three lakhs of rupees at his capital in commemoration of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's visit to India. The building is to be styled the Albert Edward Hospital, and sufficient accommodation for one hundred indoor patients will be provided. It is to be a general hospital for both Europeans and natives."

—*Overland Mail*, October 22nd: "An odd difference exists in people's minds concerning what they

cat and what they drink. Even the poorest profess to be extremely nice about what they will and what they will not eat. As to what they drink, they have no sort of scruple. The most poisonous spirits, the vilest beer, stuff that goes by the name of tea and coffee, water from condemned pumps! It matters not. Tell a man there's poison in his bread or his meat, or let him have a fancy that there is, and he will not touch it. All the physicians and chemists in Christendom cannot keep him from his alcohol or his tainted pump, though they certify that there is cholera, diphtheria, insanity, and a thousand ills, if not death, staring him in the face as he drinks. The Irishmen who at the time of the whisky fire in Dublin drank, till they died in the streets, boiling spirits scooped out of the gutter, were not more infatuated than the Londoners who persist in freely drinking the water of a dozen or more polluted old pumps which give "a pleasant-tasting water," professionally described as "soakage from sewers and cesspools with a manure value in some cases of 150 per-cent,"—a greater value that is to say, in this respect, than that of average London sewage. It is a comfort to know that thirsty souls go to these pumps from choice. There is a purer supply to be had; but in drink the world has an insatiable craving for poisons."

The new ladies' college, known as Newnham Hall, at the backs of the colleges at Cambridge, was formally opened on October 18th, and received into its rooms twenty-seven students, the resident mistress being Miss Clough, the sister of the poet.

The Bishop of Winchester has proposed to the clergy and laity that they shall raise throughout the diocese a sum which will be sufficient to found one of the intended new missionary Indian bishopries. The sum required would be 10,000*l*.

—*Friend of India*: "Mr. W. H. Carey, of Simla, a grandson of Dr. William Carey, of Serampore, has two sons about to come to India as missionaries. Among fourteen students who lately received the Degree of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh they stood second and third in the order of merit. Dr. William Carey has been appointed to Delhi by the Baptist Missionary Society, and Dr. Ernest, who remains a few months more at home, will be soon appointed to another station."

Friday, November 12.

—We acknowledge receipt of the November issue of *The Indian Travellers' Guide*, published at the Bombay Gazette office. Price 8 annas.

—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales yesterday laid the foundation stone of the Prince's Dock, the new Dock to be constructed by the Port Trust. It was laid with Masonic "honours." He was at the Byculla Club Ball from 11½ p. m. to 2½ a. m. dancing repeatedly.

—The latest Straits papers inform us, with regard to Perak, where the Resident. Mr. Birch, has lately been murdered, that on the 12th of October a *Gazette Extraordinary* was issued reciting that, whereas the Sultan and chiefs of Perak had all failed to fulfil their part of the Pangkor engagement, and had requested the British Government to undertake the Government of Perak, the Government would appoint commissioners and deputy commissioners to administer the affairs of that State with the assistance of a council of the Malay chiefs.

—The *Thibet* with English Mails left Aden for Bombay yesterday at 3 p. m.

—There was a dinner given on the Esplanade yesterday to the sailors and mariners of the *Flying Squadron*. The Prince graced the occasion with his presence.

—The Prince also visited the University, received an Address and made one in reply. He made return visits to a number of Native Princes at the Secretariate. He visited Sir Salar Jung at the bungalow occupied by the latter.

—Deaths last week, 331.

Selections.

THE SEVENS OF SCRIPTURE.

SEVEN MARKS OF REGENERATION.

1. Every one that doeth righteousness is born of God. (1 John ii. 29.)
2. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin. (1 John iii. 9.)
3. Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. (1 John iv. 7.)
4. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. (1 John v. 1.)
5. Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world. (1 John v. 4.)
6. He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not. (1 John v. 18.)
7. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. (1 Pet. i. 3.)

Jesus said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

SEVEN THINGS WORTH HAVING.

1. The grace of God that bringeth salvation. (Tit. ii. 11.)
2. The blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. (Psa. xxxii. 1.)
3. Peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. (Rom. v. 1.)
4. A great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God. (Heb. iv. 14.)
5. The Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. (Rom. viii. 15.)
6. An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you. (1 Pet. i. 4.)
7. A crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day. (2 Tim. iv. 8.)

, *He that hath the Son hath life.* (1 John v. 12.)—*Word and Work.*

"THE PREY TAKEN FROM THE MIGHTY."

"It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in the month of May, 1874, I lay in bed in a state of semi-intoxication (as was my usual custom on that day). I was suffering from the effects of the drink which I had imbibed the night before, when a gentle but firm knock came to the door, and I, with a reckless voice, made bold by the effects of the drink I had taken, called out, "Come in." Had I known at the time who was outside, it would have been my last thought to give such an invitation. Imagine, then, my surprise and disappointment when I beheld two young men with their hands full of tracts, &c. I sat upright in bed, with the intention of rudely dismissing them, but felt subdued in their presence.

"They spoke to me, and left some tracts, and their visit left a deep impression on me, for I felt ashamed of myself (*their youth* particularly excited my attention)! and I thought what a *vile old wretch* I am, and wished I were like them. Do what I would, they were ever present to my mind. On the following Sunday they found me in the same state as on the first. But the next week I was afraid to walk the streets, or lie down to sleep, lest I should awake in *hell*. The next Wednesday I signed the pledge, and on Sunday found my way to Little Wild-street Mission Chapel; and the third Sunday, at the close of the service, those who were anxiously seeking salvation were invited into the Vestry.

"Oh! how I longed to go; but Satan kept whispering in my ear, 'If you go you will be laughed at'; and so I shrank back. But just at that moment some dear Christian friend came to me, and pressed me, and I went, and fell upon my knees (the first time for many years), asked God, for Christ's sake, to save me then and there, and instantly saw, as plain as daylight, that Jesus had died on the cross for my individual sin. I felt a great weight taken off my soul, and there rolled down my face, not tears of grief or despair, but those of gratitude and joy, for what my blessed Saviour had done for me. I found my soul filled with peace, all my guilty dread vanished, and I felt my happy soul free. There are times when I can scarcely restrain myself, my heart is so full of love to Jesus for what He has done for me."—*Word and Work.*

THE FREEDMEN:

THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

It is interesting to listen to some of the stories of the liberated slaves, as to the time and manner of their freedom. A visitor gives his recollection thus of one.

OLD AUNT MARIA.

"At one of my calls, the spirit of freedom moved an 'aunty' to talk freely of her former life. "Oh, how different to what it used to be! On our plantation, when the war was going on, there was a great revival, and mistress called the coloured people together, and told them to pray—to pray mighty that the enemy may be driven back. So we prayed and prayed all over the plantation. But 'peared like de more de darkies prayed, de more nearer de Yankees come. Then the missus said, 'Stop all this praying, I won't have it. I believe they are praying for the enemies to come.' So there was no more praying where mistress could hear it, for long time. By-and-by it began again, but then the Yankees were at the very doors, and the rebels hadn't time to pay 'tention to our prayers.

"One day my mistress came out to me, 'Maria, Maria,' said she 'what *does* you pray for?

"'I prays, missus, that de Lord's will may be done.'

"'But you mustn't pray that way. You must pray that our enemies may be driven back.'

"'But, missus, if it's de Lord's will dat de Yankees come, all our praying won't halt 'em; and if it is de Lord's will to drive 'em back, den they will go back.'"

At some of their meetings for prayer, however, even amongst the most stupid of them, one's heart is often rejoiced to find that the liberty of Christ is valued, such as in the hymn called the Gospel Train,

"The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and poor are there,
No second class on board the train,
No difference in the fare!"

And yet at these words, two thousand grown-up men and women laughed and cried, and rose to their feet and shouted for more, and when after a while, with scarcely any tune at all, they sung,

"Keep inching along keep inching along,
Jesus will come by 'nd by;
Keep inching along, like a poor inch worm,
Jesus will come by 'nd by.

I have already noted that the desire for book-learning is a strong passion amongst the freedmen; and it is a regular thing to see both

OLD AND YOUNG IN SCHOOL.

"Here," writes one of our missionaries "is seated a middle-aged man, intently studying the first principles of arithmetic; yonder is his wife, as diligently poring over her primer. Here, a mother just commencing to read; there, her son of sixteen, trying to conquer the multiplication-table. In this class is a man just learning his letters; by his side are children five years old at the same lesson: and so on.

"Some who had families could attend school but three or four days in the week, the rest of the time being spent in 'earning something to eat.' Many refused to go out to work for *high wages*, preferring to work for their board and go to school while there was opportunity. I have often been asked if coloured children learned as rapidly as the whites. Taking all their circumstances into consideration, I never saw any school that *as a whole*, advanced so rapidly.

"One old woman said she was willing to work as long as she *could stand*, if by so doing she would be able to read the Bible. When, about three months afterward, she was able not only to read her Bible, but *write* a little, her cup of happiness was full; she thoght she could never thank the Lord *enough* that He had placed her where she 'could *learn* beautifully.'"

Another testimony is, that the poor blacks are

BEGGING HARDER FOR SCHOOLS THAN BREAD.

"To-day we need a thousand added to our corps of teachers. Applications come in from every quarter for books and teachers. All around us freedmen are struggling hard against poverty, some against actual starvation, yet they beg harder for a school than for food or clothing."

"I'SE COME FOR MY WHIPPIN'."

It is really wonderful how quickly these untutored children will wheel into line and approach the high standard in our Northern schools. There is, moreover, a genuine love for school. Repeatedly the vote has been unanimous to dispense with holidays for the sake of attending. In fact, they will endure almost any penance sooner than be deprived of this privilege. In one of our schools, two of the older pupils, a girl and boy, for a very grave offence, were ordered to leave the school or receive a whipping. They might take their choice. The boy instantly came forward and was whipped. The girl gathered up her books, left the room, and the teacher supposed, of course, that was the end of it. She was much surprised the next morning to see this girl enter, and walking straight up to the teacher, say: 'Missus, I'se come for my whippin'.' Such was her love for the school, that, after a night's reflection, she had rather be whipped, old as she was, than stay away."

In the midst of much confusion and superstition, one often meets with very simple faith, and is rejoiced to give the following conversation with an old negro slave:—

"You are an old man: will you not die soon?"

"Yes massa."

"Well, where are you going?"

"To the good land."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, massa, I can't 'zactly splain; but somehow, as I comes nearer death, Jesus and I get nearer and nearer together."

I put the above together at this stage of my journey, preparatory to further facts and incidents from the South, and am fully persuaded that we all owe the dear people a large debt, which, God being my Helper, I hope to make some little approach to discharge, and encourage the reader to do likewise. Dear brother Burton and others here are showing me no small kindness.

Toronto.—Word and Work.

AN INEBRIATE RECLAIMED BY GRACE.

BY REV. DR. THEODORE CUYLER.

"I WISH I could tell every drunkard in the land that Jesus alone can save him. His blood cleanseth from all sin." So wrote to me one of the most extraordinary reformed inebriates whom I have ever known. Two years ago he had sunk to the uttermost depths of poverty and degradation. A kind Christian friend had picked him up in the open street on a winter night, after he had been turned out by the heartless grog-seller to freeze and perish. I had known him in his better days, and loved him as a friend, a trusty man of business, and once a respected member of my church. But the bottle had driven him from business, broken up his once happy home, and hurled him out as a wandering waif from one dram-shop to another. May God have mercy on those Christians who aid and abet those drinking customs which produce such wretched wrecks as my poor friend S———!

Nothing seemed left to him but the prayers of a godly wife whose heart his debaucheries had broken, and whom his career had sent to her grave. To my astonishment this man, whom I had given up as hopeless, came into our prayer-meeting a few months ago, sober, well-dressed, and in "his right mind." He arose and poured out his heart in confession of his sins, and in a melting prayer of thanksgiving to Jesus for the miracle of his salvation. He gave all the glory to the atoning blood. The meeting became a "Bochim" as the reformed man told his touching story. Last week he was with us again, and told us how Christ's arm had held him up for several months and how the grace of God had even conquered his old appetite for drink.

As soon as he closed, another member of my church, whom I had laid hold of once in the street when a common drunkard, rose and added the testimony to the power of Jesus to save. His speech clenched the nail which my friend S———had driven. Immediately I called upon the meeting to sing Mrs. Wittenmeyer's hymn, "Jesus is mighty to save." We felt that the olden miracle of casting out the evil spirits had been repeated afresh, and to the wonder-working Saviour belonged the glory.

This is a key-note for the true temperance reform, "Jesus can save the drunkard, and He only." During my late attendance upon the Nation Temperance Convention at Chicago, I heard several converted inebriates testify in public that "Christ's indwelling grace had taken away even their appetite for strong drink!"

This a wonderful fact, which the physiologist and the moral reformer too would do well to heed. Moral suasion is good, total abstinence pledges are valuable but poor weak humanity in its battles with the devil, needs the Almighty arm. When Christ saves, he saves to the uttermost. His grace can conquer even a physical appetite, as well as a depraved affection. In proportion as the victims of the cup lay hold on Jesus is there hope of their permanent reformation. The one "Inebriate Asylum" that I have most faith in, is the cross of the atoning Redeemer. "Tell every drunkard that Jesus only can save him.

But let us not stop here. The vast majority of tipplers and sots will never come to Jesus. We must strive to prevent the young and the sober from ever becoming enslaved to the bottle. What motive so strong as a conscience enlightened and strengthened by Christ? As a Christian duty let us urge all to let the accursed cup alone. Upon every Christian conscience let us press the divine precept that "it is good not to drink wine whereby a brother is made weak." Christ and the temperance cause should be wedded together, and what God joins let no man put asunder. Human laws can do much: but the grace of God can do infinitely more.

PARIS—REV. Mr. M'ALL'S WORK.

OUR readers will peruse with much interest and satisfaction the following account of the evangelistic work carried on by the Rev. Mr. M'All in Paris.

'We got to Paris on Thursday, and stayed two days there. We met with three of our colporteurs here, good, earnest men, whose hearts seem to be in their work, and who complain—not without reason—of the increasing and harassing restrictions put upon their good work by the authorities under the influence of the Ultramontane party, who seem to have the ball at their foot just now in France. Not a meeting can be held, nor a book or tract sold, without the Government authority. We had a very kind invitation from the well known Mr. M'All to go to one of his evening meetings, which we were glad to accept. He is a gentlemanly, elderly, but still very active man. He was a Congregational minister formerly at Sunderland, Leicester, and Hadfield, and has been now four years in Paris. His visit to Paris four years ago was what we would call a purely accidental one; and happening to enter some of the cafés and addressing himself to some of the working men, he was struck with the readiness with which they listened to him, and he got the impression that if the religion of Jesus Christ were only presented to them in its true light, they would receive it gladly. Immediately his resolution was taken. He and his excellent wife "left all" and followed what seemed to them the command of the Master. He hired several shops in different parts of the city, and turned them into little meeting-places, inviting the Paris "*ouvriers*" to come and hear a few words from English friends on the love of Jesus. To make the meetings as attractive as possible, there is plenty of singing, and sometime short readings. He has now fourteen stations, with an average attendance twice a day of 2,500. His success has been wonderful. He has gathered around him a band of zealous co-workers, and there is now quite a little colony of Christian men and women in Belleville, where Mr. M'All's house is situated, who are devoted to the work of evangelizing the working men of Paris. There is one gentleman, for instance, who was not long ago well known in the business of the Exchange but who, coming under the power of the truth and, the influence of Mr. M'All's devotedness, has given up his business to consecrate himself to the good work. There is also an intelligent couple who dropped into one of the meetings one night, heard the gospel from Mr. M'All's lips, were induced to the Bible for the first time in their lives, and ever since have been diligent students of the word and regular attenders of the meetings. Mr. M'All expects them to be useful in bringing others to the Saviour whom they have thus found. He told us also of a Swiss gentleman and his wife who had, after careful inspection of the work, decided to cast in their lot with the little colony at Belleville. The evening we were there two young ladies were just come from England to give their assistance. We asked Mr. M'All if he had met with much opposition from the Roman Catholics, but he said he had not much to complain of. One meeting place which he had arranged for he was deprived of by priestly influence; but there was much to be said on the other hand. He had gone once to inquire for a place on which he had set his heart, and of which the factor told him the rent was 1,600 francs, when the owner of the house, coming in inquired if the rooms were to be used for Protestant purposes. Mr. M'All said that he was certainly a Protestant, but he did not introduce controversy into his meetings, and wished simply to bring men to Christ. "Ah! I like that," replied the proprietor: "I must bear my share in the work, and you shall have the place on your own terms." The rent was finally fixed at 600 francs, and yet the proprietor was a Roman Catholic. The police know well the importance of the work Mr. M'All is doing, and say sometimes to him, "We don't object to your meetings, for the more stations you establish in Paris, the less we'll have to do." The meeting we attended was a very interesting one. There were about 150 present. A French hymn was sung to one of Mr. Sankey's tunes, —I think, indeed, it was a French translation of one of his sacred songs. Prayer was offered, and then an earnest, simple address was given by a young evangelist who has been of great sevice in the meetings. Mr. M'All got him from Dr. Barnardo of London, but unfortunately he is about to lose his valuable assistance. He is compelled by the French law to go to the army for a year. Everything has been tried to get him off, but in vain. Mr. Sloan and I were then called on to say a few words; and a retired French pastor concluded the interesting service by reading a French translation of one of Mr. Moody's sermons. We were struck with the deep interest depicted on the faces of the men and women composing the meeting as they were told of their sins, and of the Saviour who had died for their salvation. We left the meeting deeply impressed with the fact that Mr. M'All was doing a good work in Paris, and that few movements are more worthy of the sympathy and help of Christian people than that which he is carrying on in this great and beautiful but wicked city.'—*Times of Blessing,*

THE SCEPTICAL SOLDIER.

IN July, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, in the United States, for miles in all directions from the field of combat buildings of every kind were converted into temporary hospitals. Not only dwellings, churches, schoolhouses, factories, and workshops were taken, but the huge barns, the wonder and admiration of visitors, belonging to rich Pennsylvania farmers, were likewise so used.

In one of those immense structures, intended for storing the entire crop of a large farm, nearly one hundred wounded soldiers of both armies—for no difference was recognized between the helpless, whether friends or foes—were carefully nursed in clean cots, hastily but strongly constructed, properly arranged in rows. Men who could not physically or otherwise enter the ranks of soldiers, and tender-hearted, delicately-reared, highly-educated women, both married and single, hastened to the scene of duty and engaged as volunteer nurses.

AMONG SUCH VOLUNTEER NURSES WAS YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

While passing along one of the lanes between the rows of beds he heard, and will endeavour to repeat certain language, and describe a remarkable scene between a mortally-wounded soldier and a white-haired patriarch.

Seated beside the bed of a fair-skinned, blue-eyed boy, scarcely twenty years of age, was a venerable, calm-featured, kindly old man, whose silvery locks betokened that the weight of years was upon him. Fearing, yet feeling will assured, that his young friend was near the end of his earthly career, the old gentleman took from his satchel a pocket Bible. Before, however, he had had time to open it, or to tell what he purposed doing with it the youth cried out,

"AWAY WITH YOUR BIBLE;

I do not wish you to bother me with such nonsense as it contains. I do not believe one word of it, from the first to the last chapter. Since joining the army my messmates have opened my eyes. They say, and I believe, that it is a cuningly devised fable. You must not, therefore, read any of it to me. It may do for children and women, but not for men."

THE HEARTS BLED FREELY

of those who heard the foolish words falling from the lips of that handsome youth whose life was so near its close. The sad, sorrowful look of the old man will never be effaced from their memory. For some minutes thereafter his white head was bowed, so that his face was concealed from view. When he again looked up the tears were coursing down his wrinkled cheeks. As soon as he could get control of his voice, he spoke to the young man in substance and as nearly as my memory enables me to give them, in words as follows:

"O, John! I am thinking of the day when the news reached of village of the serious reverse our army sustained on the bloody field of Bull Run! I recollect the hour when you came into the house and told your mother, my only sister, whom I was then visiting, that

YOU HAD VOLUNTEERED, AND WERE GOING TO THE FRONT.

Her grief-stricken face is now before me. For some minutes she sat as one who had ears, but could not hear; as one who had eyes, but could not see; as one who had a tongue, but could not speak. Then, falling upon her knees, as you must remember, she uttered that wonderful, that soul-stirring prayer to God in behalf of you, her only son, a mere child in years, who was going to face, in deadly strife, the enemies of the Union. She asked the dear Saviour to keep you from harm and return you in safety to her; but, if the will of God was otherwise, that your precious soul should be saved; that if she ever more should meet you in this life, she might in glory. Your mother's earnest, faithful trusting prayer was heard, as I fully believe, by the prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God. I can never, therefore, credit the thought that the silly, idle, wicked language of

FOOLISH AND INFIDEL MEN AROUND THE CAMP-FIRES

can make so powerful an impression upon your mind, my dear, dying nephew, as to efface therefrom the good counsel, the heart-felt prayers of your sainted mother. When she and you bade each other that tearful farewell, after she had committed you to the care of Jesus, you both confidently expected to meet again sooner or later on earth. That, alas, is never to occur. Two weeks ago

WE BORE HER BELOVED REMAINS TO THE TOMB

I could not tell you this before, and but for what has happened, would not have told you now. Her last words were addressed to me. She said:

GO TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

and seek out my darling John, my idolized son. Tell

him that I died with prayer upon my lips for him. Tell him that the mother whom he so fondly loved, who was so devoted to him, believes that God has heard and will answer her prayers in behalf of her dear boy. Tell him that seven times each day since he left home she has prayed specially for the salvation of his immortal soul. Tell him she sends him this holy Bible; that she has marked special texts which she believes he will read because his mother marked them. Tell him my last request is that he will look to Jesus and pray for himself,

AND THEN ALL WILL BE WELL FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY;

then only can his mother's prayers be answered, and her darling be saved, so that he will be to her as great a source of happiness and joy in heaven as he has been on earth. Tell him that his mother has only gone on a little before him; that she can never return to him, but that he must, sooner or later, follow her to the other world; and she feels assured that he is too noble to be guilty of ingratitude: for she distinctly remembers how grateful he always was to her for the little she did, or was able to do for him. Tell him that she knows that his manly heart will yet swell with tender emotions of grateful love toward the Saviour who died for sinners—died for His enemies; that all who believe in Him may be saved.

The heart-reading cries of that soldier, a boy in years but a veteran in service, caused his uncle to cease speaking, to close the mother's message. Every eye there was weeping; every heart melted with sympathy. Each Christian joined in prayer with the old man for the conversion of that only child, so soon to join his mother. At last, after a severe struggle, the stubborn will was subdued; angels might have said, as we did say, 'Behold, he prayeth!" Within three days from the time we first had our attention called to him by the foregoing incident, he paid the debt of nature. Before his spirit left its tenement of clay, he gave evidence of a hopeful change of heart, closing life with these blessed words upon his lips; "O, how happily to me have been my mother's prayers answered."—*F. Antrim.*

THE CRY THAT OPENS HEAVEN.

BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

No mountain ever had a brighter coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. Originally the top of the mountain was not large enough to hold so great a building, and, therefore, a wall was reared six hundred feet high and the mountain was built out unto it, and it was at that great elevation that Christ was accosted of the devil, and the devil tried to pursuade Him to jump down the six hundred feet.

THE NINE GATES OF THAT TEMPLE FLASHED WITH SILVER AND GOLD

and Corinthian brass, which was made up of precious stones melted and mixed and crystallised. The temple itself was not so very large, but the courts and the adjuncts of architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

I look off upon that splendid building. What is the matter? Fire? It looks like a mansion kindled with flame. It is the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke bursting out through the doors and the crevices of the building wreathes the mountain top in folds of smoke through which glitter the precious metals gathered and burnished by royal magnificence. I see through the smoke

TWO MEN GOING UP THE STEPS OF THE BUILDING.

They go side by side, and yet they have nothing in common,—have no sympathy with each other. One is the Pharisee, erect, arrogant, pompous, looking down with utter contempt upon the poor man who happens to be going up beside him. The publican goes up with his head bowed, and he seems to have a world of trouble. Now the two have reached the main enclosure, and they are about to begin their worship.

THE PHARISEE GOES TO THE GATE NEAREST THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

He thinks he is fit to stand there.

He says in substance: "O, God, there are two days in the week when I eat absolutely nothing, and I give a great deal of money to good objects, and I am one of the best of men. I have nothing to do with the common rabble—certainly nothing to do with that poor publican who came up the stairs the same time I did."

The publican goes off to the other side. He wants to get as far away from that gate into the holy of holies as possible. He does not feel fit to stand there. The Bible says he stood afar off, and then—as the people of the East to this very day do when they have any great trouble, smiting themselves—he bowed down, striking his breast, and crying out:

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

The incense that went up from the high priest's censer that morning was not so sweet as this publican's prayer wafted into the opening heavens, while the exhilarant prayer of the Pharisee dies on his cotemptuous lip and rolls down into his arrogant heart. Now I see them again on the stairs. They are going down side by side. The Pharisee cross, sad, wretched; the publican glad-hearted, the joys of heaven glowing in his cheek and flaming from his eye, "For I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

(1.) When I come to analyse this prayer of the publican, I find in it, in the first place, *an appreciation of his sinfulness.* He had an honourable office. The publicans were tax-gatherers. Cicero says they were the brightest ornaments of the State. I know they were very unpopular for the reason that people did not like to pay their taxes. It was then as it is now; and I suppose some people, because they do not like to pay their taxes, despise the publican or tax-gatherer. But notwithstanding this, the man no doubt was worthy of trust. He proved himself honourable, and there were a great many admirable things about him, and yet

HE UTTERS THIS CRY OF SELF-ABNEGATION.

What was the matter with him? Had he lost his reason? Had some low, contemptible cowardice seized upon him? O, no. For the first time in all his life he saw himself. He saw he was a sinner before God, utterly helpless and undone. At what moment that discovery flashed upon him I know not; but standing there in the court of the temple, surrounded by all the demonstration of holiness and power, his soul has extorted from it the anguish-bitten cry of my text.

By what process shall I persuade myself that I likewise am a sinner, and persuade you that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your desires, to search down in the depths of of your soul to see if there is any hydra-headed iniquity there? O, no; I shall not do it in that way. Shall I ask you to call up all the bad words you ever uttered, and all the bad deeds you ever did, and all the bad thoughts you ever indulged in? O, no; I shall not do it in that way. I shall rather point you to

THE FORCES WHICH GOD HAS BROUGHT OUT FOR YOUR SALVATION, AND PROVE IN THAT WAY YOU ARE SINNERS.

Suppose in the winter time you were a little distance from the beach, and you saw the wreckers hastening down to the beach, putting on their rough jackets, launching their life-boats, and shooting

ROCKETS WITH ROPES CLEAR OVER INTO THE BREAKERS.

You would immediately cry out: "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Son of God putting aside His crown and His robe and launching out on the rough sea of human suffering and satanic hate, braving all storms, wading down into the surges of iniquity, I immediately come to the conclusion that somewhere in God's universe

THERE HAS BEEN AN AWFUL SHIPWRECK.

When God girds Himself for the work, and calls on all heaven to watch and to help, I know there is some great undertaking on foot—I know some great disaster must have smitten God's universe—I know that your sin and mine is so appalling that all heaven has turned out to snatch us away from it. I know we must be desperate sinners by nature to make Gethsemane and Golgotha possible. Oh, has

THIS THOUGHT EVER SHOT AN ARROW THROUGH YOUR SOUL,

my brother, my sister? Has any night been made blacker with such a shadow? Has conscience just twisted one thong and cut a sharp stroke across your bare heart? If you have had none of these feelings, if you do not propose to have any of them, I tell you plainly that you must go down and spend eternity with the Pharisee, for this living truth that you are a sinner, leaps from every chapter of God's word:

SUPPOSE YOU HAD A COMMERCIAL AGENT IN CHARLESTON,

or New Orleans, or Cincinnati, and you paid him his salary regularly, and you found out at the end of the year that though he had been taking your salary he had been giving nine-tenths of his time to some other commercial house? Your indignation would know no bounds. Well now, God has sent us into this world to serve Him, and serve Him with all our strength, and He has paid us our wages. He has fed us, and clothed us, and sheltered us; and lo! it is to be told to-night that some of us have given nine-tenths of our time to "the world, the flesh, and the devil." It is honest?

What does the Bible say? "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Is there any man in the audience who thinks to escape from that? The Bible is full of confessions. What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions to the Lord." What did Job say? Behold, I am vile." Isaiah said: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "My transgressions have gone over my head, and my trespass grown up into the heavens." Of all the millions who have gone into glory, not one got there until he first confessed. And are there any in this house who have an idea that their soul is in a healthy condition when it is

ROTTING AWAY WITH THE LEPROSY?

O that God to-night would open your eyes that you might see just where you stand, and that pierced by a sense of your blasted and desolate condition by reason of sin, smite upon your heart, with the emphasis of this publican in the text, crying out in as anxious a prayer as the one he uttered. I do not say you have ever committed any outward transgression. You may pay all your debts, you may be chaste in speech and in action, you may be honest in all your dealings among men, and yet God's Word bears me out in the statement I make to-night, that you are a condemned sinner, altogether gone astray,

THE MORAL SLUSH SPLASHED OVER YOU,

and that unless you repent you must live an unholy life and die an unhappy death, and go to a lost eternity. What I say of one I say of all. O, the coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the split hulks of those who would not heed the peril and who went with their cargo of immortal hopes into the white tangled foam of the breakers of everlasting ruin.

(2.) I pursue the analysis of my subject still further, and I find in this publican's prayer the fact that *he expected nothing except mercy.* He might have said: "I am honest in all my dealings. When ten dollars are paid to me for tax, I hand it over to the Government. If you look over all my books you will find them right. My life has been upright and respectable." But He made no such plea. He comes and throws himself on God's mercy. Are there any in this house who propose by making their life right to commend themselves to God? Do you really think you can break off your bad habits? Why that will be only

TAKING OFF THE SCALES WHILE YOU LEAVE THE DISEASE

rankling within. Are there those who propose to pay their spiritual indebtedness? Come and see if you can do it. Add together all the good words you ever uttered, all the good deeds you ever accomplished, all the loaves you have given to the hungry, all the garments you have given to the naked, all the medicine you have given to the sick,—add up the whole line, get a great aggregate of good works, and then hear Paul sharpening his knife, and he will come and slash up all that aggregate as he cries,

"BY THE DEEDS OF THE LAW SHALL NO FLESH BE JUSTIFIED."

O, my friends, is there nothing in the justice of God, is there nothing in our own exertions, to save us? Where then are we to be saved? Is there no balm for this mortal wound of my soul? Is there no light for this Arctic night? Is there no hope for a lost sinner? Yes; and that is what I came to tell you about. Mercy. Free mercy. Pardoning mercy. Suffering mercy. Infinite mercy. Omnipotent mercy. Everlasting mercy. "O," you say, "is not that adding impudence to crime for you to expect from God any such favour?" No. Throughout the Bible it seems as if the language had been exhausted and stretched until it broke, and all expression of height and depth and length and breath and magnitude and infinity had dropped down dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist as He tried to set forth this mercy.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THEME IT IS—GOD'S MERCY.

That mercy is so great that no sinner ever came to it for refuge and was destroyed. The murderer has come, and while he was yet washing the blood of his victim from his hands he looked up for God's forgiveness, and before his hands were washed clean his soul was made white in the fountain of God's mercy.

THE LOST ONE OF THE STREET

has come back from the very gates of hell to her long rejected father's home, and put her arms around his neck, her soul radiant with mercy that pardoned Mary Magdalene. Is there any man in the house who tells me not to open the door too wide? Then I will open it wider, for I have to tell you that if this whole audience were stretched out side by side, you might march into the gate of eternal life—so wide is this door of mercy, "O," says some one in the audience, "you do not know where I came from to-night; you do not know what my sins have been; you do not what I

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have been doing all these past years; you do not know where I was last night." I reply to you: Though you have

WRAPPED YOURSELF IN THE GARMENTS OF HELL;

though your fect have walked every unclean place; though your mouth has spoken blasphemies until lip and tongue and tooth are full with a lifetime's cursing; though your body be festering and putrid with unnameable lusts; though your soul be swollen with the viper sting of "the worm that never dies;" to you I offer mercy, mercy. O, there is no line long enough to measure it. There is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it. No ladders can scale it. No plummet can fathom it. Angel's wing cannot fly across it. Heavenly harps aided by choirs with feet like the sun, standing on clear glass, cannot compass this harmony.

MERCY! MERCY!

It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gates. It peals in the chiming of the celestial towers. It flashes in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. It thunders in the tramp of the embannered host and innumerable victors, and then comes back from the failure of harp and wall and gate and crown to sit unexpressed and undescribed on a throne that overtops all heaven—the throne of mercy.

(3.) I push this analysis of my text one step further, and I find that this man saw that mercy would be of *no advantage to him unless he pleaded for it.* He did not say: "If I am to be saved, I will be saved, and if I am to be lost, I will be lost. There is nothing for me to do." He knew that a thing worth having is worth asking for, and therefore, he makes the agonising cry of my text. Mark you, it was *an earnest prayer*, and if you look through this Bible you will see that all the prayers that were answered were earnest prayers. The blind man's "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The leper's "Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

SINKING PETER'S "LORD, SAVE ME, I PERISH."

The publican's "God be merciful to me a sinner."

If you come up to the door of God's mercy, and give a small tap with the ends of your fingers, you will not get in. You must come with the earnestness of warrior who has been pursued, and defeated, and dismounts from his lathered steed, and then with gauntleted fists pounds away at a palace gate. You must have as much earnestness as the man has who wakes up at midnight in the fourth story with a sense of suffocation and finds the house is in flames, and rushes to the front window, and

CALLS OUT TO THE FIREMEN BENEATH; "HELP!"

For if you really saw the perils that are above, and the perils that are beneath, and the perils on either side, it would not be necessary for me to urge you to earnestness, but it would be necessary for me to command silence in the auditory, because your outcry would drown the preacher's voice, and we would have to pause midway in the service. O, my brother, it is because you do not understand the peril that you are not this very moment crying out, "Mercy! mercy!"

But, mark you, this publican's prayer was not only earnest, it was *humble.* The Pharisee looked up; the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a philosopher. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician. You cannot be saved as rhetorician. You cannot be saved as an official. If you are saved at all, you must be saved as a sinner.

(4.) I remark further, there was a ringing *confidence* in that prayer. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he would get the blessing if he asked for it; and he did get it. "I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." And why cannot all the unforgiven souls in this house tonight find the same mercy now? Is there any man here who feels that he has sinned away his day of grace? Is there any one who feels that he has crossed the line between God's mercy and His wrath? Let me tell you, cry to God for mercy and you will get it, and get it now. Why not? If God has provided us salvation, will He not give it to you?

IF A MAN BUILDS A BRIDGE ACROSS A RIVER

will he not allow men to walk across it? If a physician puts up a prescription for a sick man, will he not allow him to take it? If a contractor builds a house, will he not allow people to live in it? And if God makes redemption for all who want it, will He not allow you to possess it? He will. It is my business to stand here to-night and say He will. If there is in this house, either sitting or standing, one self-righteous man who feels that what I have said does not touch his case, for he is all right, let me say there is no Gospel for you, no pardon for you, no life for you, no heaven for you, and I will not preach to you tonight.

But if there be in this assembly those who feel they are not all right; if there are those here longing for something better; if there are those here who are weary with the world, and weary with sin, and who want God and want a blessed future,

TO THEM I COME WITH A GLORIOUS MESSAGE,

a message that thrills my body and my soul while I stand before the people to declare it; and I shall do two things for you. I will first show you where to kneel, and then I will tell you what to say. You want to know where to kneel? Kneel at the foot of Mercy. You want to know what to say? "God be merciful to me a sinner."

My uncle, the Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, of Augusta, Georgia, was passing along the street one day, and he met a black man, who stepped out into the street leaving the pavement, took his hat off, and bowed very lowly in the presence of my uncle. My uncle said to him, "My dear fellow, why do you stand there and make such a low bow to me?" He replied,

"O, MASSA, I OWE YOU MORE THAN ANY ONE ON EARTH."

"Why," inquired my uncle, "what do you mean?" "Well," said the man, "I was going along the street the other night, and I had a heavy burden on my back, and I was hungry and sick, and I saw your church was lighted, and I thought I would just stand at the door a minute and listen, and I put down my burden and listened, and I heard you say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And you said that any poor soul that could utter that prayer from the heart could get to heaven; and I shouldered my burden and I went on home, and I went in the house, and I sat down, and I folded my hands, and I said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' but I felt no better, I felt worse. And then I got down on my knees, and I said it again, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I felt no better. It was darker than it was before. And then, massa, I threw myself down on my face and cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and I kept on crying that until after a while I saw

A LIGHT A GOOD WAYS OFF, AND IT CAME NEARER TO ME,

and nearer to me, and it got all bright, and I am very happy, and I thought the next time I saw you coming down the street I would tell you how much I owed to you."

O, is there not some one in this house to-night humble enough, earnest enough, confident enough to utter that same prayer? God is waiting for a good many of you.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London 5th November : The Circular issued by the admiralty, forbidding the reception of fugitive slaves on board Her Majesty's ships, has been withdrawn.—The *Manchester Guardian* has contradicted the rumoured intention of Russia to occupy Quettah.—General Kaufmann and his staff reached Khojend on the 2nd instant.—The Admiralty is about to issue new instructions with respect to the reception of fugitive slaves on board Her Majesty's ships.

Paris, 5th : The Assembly has re-opened and has agreed upon Ministerial motion, to commence the discussion of the Electorial Bill upon the 8th inst.

Washington, 4th : Later returns of the Elections show that the Democrats have gained a small mojority in New York State.

St. Petersburg, 5th : General Ignateiff, the Russian Ambassador Extraordinary at the Porte, had an interview with the Sultan on Wednesday, and distinctly pointed out the financial dilapidation and maladministration of Turkey as well as the discontent of the population, all of which he said urgently called for reform.

Madrid, 6th : The Papal Nuncio has delivered a Note to the Madrid Government insisting upon the execution of the Concordat of 1851.

London, 6th : Lord Derby has declined to interfere officially on behalf of the Turkish Bondholders.—Her Majesty the Queen of Holland is seriously ill.

Penang, 8th : The troops have arrived at Perak, and report that Mr. Swetenham is safe. Mr. Birch's body has not been found. All the Rajahs are suspected of complicity in the late outrage. The Residency is besieged, and the enemy is making great preparations. Passir Sala ond Sultan Ismail are collecting large forces to expel the British.

London, 8th : General Kaufmann is reported to be leaving Tashkend and proceeding to St. Petersburg.

9th : The *Times* has communicated a paragraph to the effect that the Conferences of the Representatives of Austria, Russia and Germany have resulted in a determinatiqn to ask Turkey what guarantees she can give for the fulfilment of administrative Reforms.—Russia has acquainted the Western Powers with the steps contemplated which point to the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austrian troops.—At the Banquet given by the Lord Mayor last night, Mr. Disraeli said that war with China, imminent a month ago, was now averted, and that England desired to strengthen the Chinese Government. He then eulogized the ability with which Mr. Wade had conducted affairs.—Speaking in reference to the Eastern Question, he said affairs in Turkey were less satisfactory, and the recent financial catastrophe in that country had revived the expiring struggle. Circumstances were critical, but he was convinced that a result would be attained consistent with peace and satisfactory to public opinion.—The interests of the Northern Powers were not more considerable than those of England. Government was deeply conscious of their magnitude, and was resolved to guard them. (Frantic cheering followed these remarks.)—He next alluded to the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in India, saying that his setting his foot for the first time in the Empire he was destined to rule was inspired by no ordinary motives, and the visit was rife with consequences. News had been received that his reception was most enthusiastic, which coincides with the sympathy where with he left England. The Khedive has asked the British Government to recommend two gentlemen to organise the Egyptian Financial services upon the European system.—The British Exports for the month ending 31st October last amounting to £18,500,000, showing a decrease of £3,500,000 and the Imports for the same month amounted to £29,250,000.

Paris, 8th : The Assembly to-day commenced the discussion on the Electoral Bill.

Berlin, 9th : The Emperor of Germany receiving the President and Vice-President of the German Parliament, lengthily discussed the present Political situation, and expressed perfect confidence in a peaceful settlement of affairs.

Penang, 9th : The Pluto has returned from Perak.—Mr. Birch's body has been recovered, but considerably mutilated.—In the encounter with the natives, Captain Innes was killed and Mr. Elliott seriously wounded. Mr. Booth and eight men of the 10th Regiment were also wounded.

London, 11th : It is stated that a Peerage will be conferred on Sir Bartle Frere.—Both the English and Foreign press attach great importance to the speech made by Mr. Disraeli at Guildhall on Tuesday.—Advices from Saint Petersburg state that Russia has annexed the territory on the right bank of the Syr Daria from the Russian frontier to the River Narym, hitherto belonging to Khokand.—The Indian transport *Crocodile* has sailed for Bombay.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Indus, 8th :*

FOR SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr E Webster, Mrs Haig and two children, Col J S Rawling, Mrs J K Weatherhead two children and infant, Mrs DeRenzy and child, Capt W B Hall, Capt and Mrs Oldham and infant, Mr M Mody, Mr J S Waterfield, Mr Ed Logan, Mr Charles Baylis, Mr George Pierce, Major Farrington, and Mr J W Smith.

FOR BRINDISI.—Mr M L Daines, Mr J S Smith, Col Merriman, Mr and Mrs D B Bain, Capt E J DeLautour, Major General R O Bright, Capt Bradstreet, and Mr Cuthell.

FOR VENICE.—Mr D Rasbotham.

FOR MALTA—Mr J H Cobrane two children and two infant.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON—Mr J Higginbotham, Miss Brown, Lieut-Co and Mrs D Hay and child, Miss Hay, Sir Geo and Lady Cooper and infant, Miss Couper, Professor M Williams, Mrs Corfield, Mrs and Miss Williams, Mrs Horsford, Miss Blakely, Miss Spankie, Mrs Lynden-Bell, Mrs Noble and two infants, Mrs Pilcher and infant, Mr L Tayler, Capt F W McMullen, Mr F J Finlay, Capt and Mrs J Low, Mrs Manning, Miss Manning, Miss Briggs, Mrs G P White, Mr J B Fuller, Miss G H Dumbell, Mr Macleane, Mr J McClelland, Mr J Wilson, Miss H Thompson, Mr J P Fiddian, Mr W Thomson, Miss Thomson, Mr F Millett, Rev R Howard, Mr Ryan, Miss Ryan, Miss Pearce, Mr W Heald, Mr J Whitehead, Mr S K Barnes and son, Miss Harvey, Mrs F Carter and infant, Mr W Taylor, Mr Berry, Mr J Mole, Mr W M Tennant, and Mr Francis Turner.

FROM BRINDISI.—Mr and Mrs W P Duff, Hon C Pontifex, Capt Horsford, Mr J S Taylor, Mr H Spencer, Mr W G Glynn, Mr J Macintosh, Col Hyde, Mr F Sanguet, Major Pontifex, Mr Le Blanc, Major C Walter, Mr R McDonald, Justice Morris, Mr de Contonly, Mr Storrar, Mr Buchanan, Mr J Rhodes, and Mr Barrett.

FROM VENICE.—Mr and Mrs C Grant and infant, Dr and Mrs Whishaw, Col Allardyce, Mr Eteson and child, Dr and Mrs Brown and infant, Major G Way, Major J Vertue, Mr W J Galway, Mr LeFanu, Mr Unwid, Mr G Eyears, Mr Steinthal, Mr Leibnitz, Mr J Roux, Mr E Bonneman, and Mr W McGregor.

FROM SUEZ.—Mr Alfred Woolley.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTH.

LEDGARD—October 9th, at Withan, Essex, the wife of the Rev. Geo. Ledgard, of Bombay, of a daughter, prematurely.

MARRIAGE.

TREVOR–PRICHARD—November 6th, at Christ, Church, Byculla by the Rev. Ward Maule, Major Gordon Trevor, Bombay Staff Crops, to Alice Fanny, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Prichard, Esq., Judge's Associate.

DEATHS.

GARWOOD—October 15th, at London, Percy Garwood, late Account ant, Bombay Gas Company.

AILY—October 15th, on board the mail steamer Hindostan, of Bdysentery between Aden and Suez, Mr. W. W. Baily, of the firm of Messrs. L. Southern and Co., of Bombay.

MACILWAINE—November 7th, at the house of the Rev. C. F. H Johnston, Colaba, the Rev. William Robert Macillwaine, Chaplain, R. N., H. M. S. Raleigh.

MARKS—November 7th, at Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy Hospital, Bombay, Emma Marks, aged 33.

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